

Hold my hand, hold my hand

As I sat on the edge of the bed
I listened to the shuffling of
His feet on the floor
Often I would say
Don't drag your feet
Raise them like before

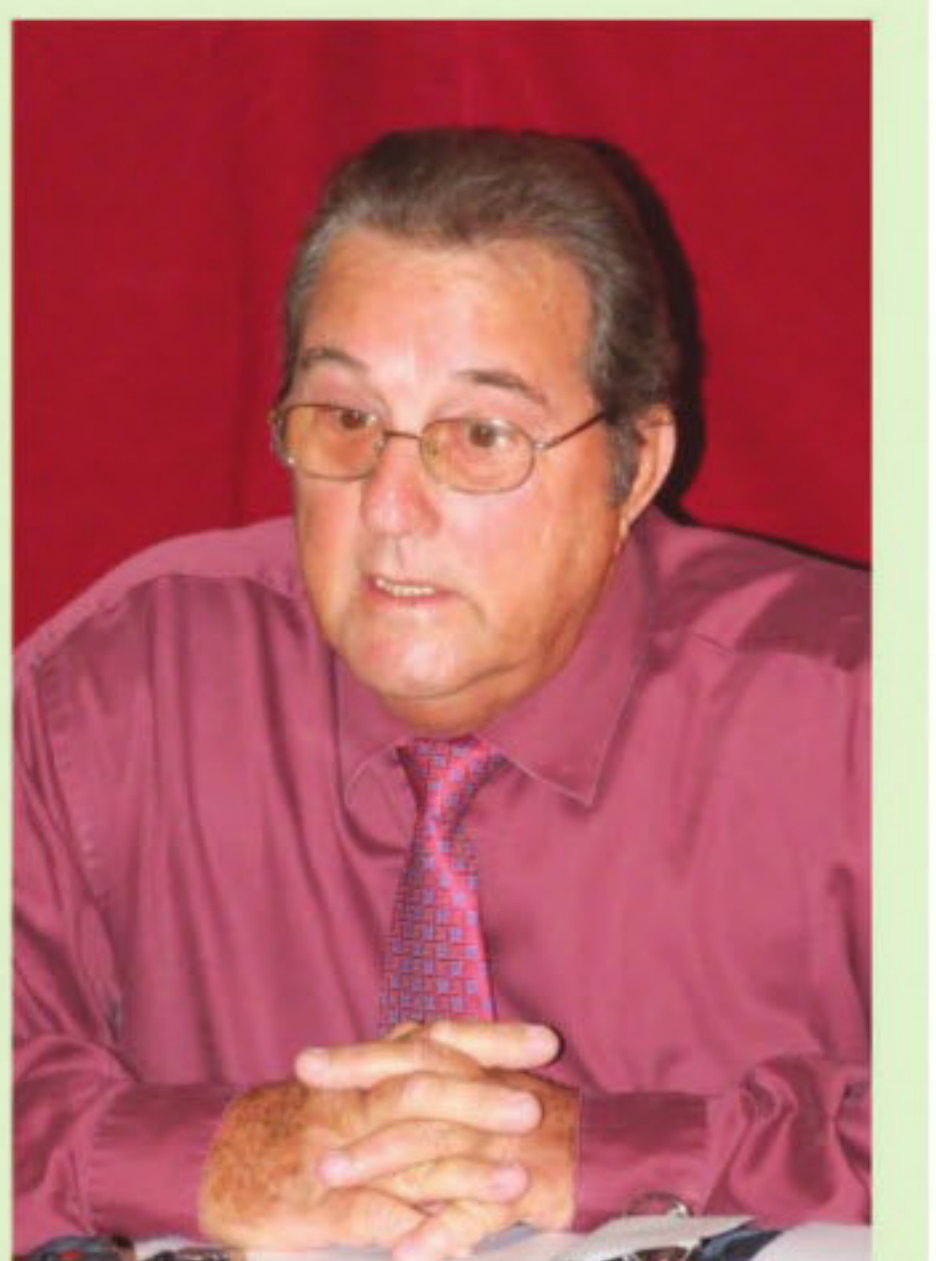
A little while later
He slowly walked by
In the corner of my eyes
I could see him doing
His best to raise his feet

He would wink his eye
And give me that familiar smile

It is then that I had my
Silent Emotions
My thoughts would wander back
To the days when he moved ably through the house
The wooden floor would shake and tremble
With his powerful footsteps

I remembered all too well
How fast he could run
As we played in the house
He would laugh and I would shout
Hold my hand, hold my hand

Then came the day that:
As he
Tried to get up from his rocking chair
He would murmur
Hold my hand, hold my hand.



Pa: Roland W. Peterson

